FINE FISHING, THIS.

Battles With Muskallonge in Northwestern Lakes.

Slaughter of Woodcock at Night by Market Hunters.

Strength and Ferceity of the Muskallenge -Why the Fight Between the Angler and the Fish Is Unfair-Gray Squirrels a Pest in Southern Cornfields -- Mild Pleasures of Croppie Fishing-Golf Links in Chicago Invaded by Jacksnipe.

Now, the muskallonge, many-toothed myager of the inland seas, has stirred from his long winter's idleness and is spreading death among the smaller fishes. Built for speed, with sharp nose and broadflanged tail, from eye to tail-fork a mass of muscle overlaid with delicious flesh, with the appetite of the wolf that ranges the foodless snow, with cunning and rapacity unbounded, with slyness, patience and courage, he is one of the most formidable finned things in the waters of earth.

The instinct to slaughter is the muskallonge's marked characteristic, next a certain bulldog tenacity and grit. When after a fight of half an hour this monster exhausted is reeled in until a foot of his head projects above water and hange there until the guide in the boat sends a bullet through it, the malign countenance bears a strong resemblance to that of some baffled and hating beast of prey.

There is futile anger in the glaring eyes and grinning teeth, but no despair and no fear. An instantaneous photograph of a muskallonge so held is rare and worth

The waters the muskallonge inhabits are rife with fish flesh, and whereas he begins the summer season poor and comparatively weak he soon regains his swiftness and power. Before May has half gone the pirate is as strong and bold as ever.

There is no possible computation of the amount of food consumed by the great fish during these days of its recrudescence, but it is something enormous. He feeds literally from daylight until dark and for this reason is more readily hooked in the cold days of spring than at any other time. The fish is not so worth taking now as ten days later, but is competent to make a

The 10,000 lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin are the principal homes of the muskallonge-homes ideally suited to the fish's needs. They are deep, clear and healthful and retired for the most part from

The fact that comparatively few men reach them is vital to the fish, which is not fecund. Even under present conditions its number have been materially decreased and the weights of those taken run much

less than they ran fifteen years ago.

Then it was not unusual for individuals of thirty-five and even forty-five pounds to be captured, but such a muskallonge is a marity now. Under present conditions a fish of fifteen pounds is a good fish, one of twenty an excellent fish, one of twenty-five well worth taking home on ice and mounting for the dining room or hall.

It is a singular thing about these lakes that only those connected with the Mississippi River contain the muskallonge. They are spring-fed and there is little difference in their waters, or in the foods contained in them. Connection with the big river, however, insures the presence of muskallonge and its absence means not only that the muskallonge is not to be found. but that it will not live if transplanted.

The connection of some of the lakes with the river is so elight that the manner in

It is joined to Mason Lake by a creek or ditch, not more than three feet wide, not more than a foot deep and grown up with weeds and water grasses. This ditch is so narrow and shallow that guides in going from one lake to the other are often obliged to portage a light boat, finding it impossible to force a way through.

Yet Round Lake is well supplied with muskallonge, since it connects with Mason Lake, which connects in turn by an arm almost as narrow and shallow with the Flambeau River, which connects with the Chippewa, which connects with the Missis-

The fish find their way up the small stream into these lakes and through the narrow tortuous half-arid arms, though there does not seem to be water enough in them for a five-pound muskallonge to wiggle in.

On the contrary Long Lake, which lies a half-mile from Round Lake and is not connected with any outside body of water. connected with any outside body of water, has no muskallonge, though it is two miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide and forty feet deep in the centre. Its water and lilies and weeds and wild rice are the same as those of Round Lake, but the muskallonge will not live in them.

It seems to be necessary to this fish to get to the running streams once a year. It lives

to the running streams once a year. in the lakes for the greater part of the time

and spawns in them often, though not al-ways, but it needs the change. The lake of the Minnesota or Wisconsin woods is ideal fishing water. There the angler has all of those things which his soul loves-cool, pure air, solitude, a h a sights and sounds of primeval nature d sport.

grown down to the water's lip. They are evergreens, all dark and massive, so thick in places that small birds work their way carefully through the branches. The water is still clear and blue, and the result is that the color tones of this landscape are dark green and dark blue in invitanciation, exceeding and dark blue in juxtaposition, exceeding pleasing and restful to the eye. In the centre of one of these lakes far

beyond ordinary gunshot swims a pair of those voracious feeders, the loons. In many places along the edges lies a tangle of dead fallen trees and on these turtles

Tottering along one of them, digging boat and its occupants though only twenty feet away, comes a porcupine for its daily drink. The porcupine can think of but abound.

A person fishing for cropples will have

one thing at a time.

Five hundred feet up a fishhawk sails slowly round and round. From the woods comes the drum of the partridge. In one corner of the lake, protected well by a barricade of logs, a mother teal swims with a brood of seven, or takes them up the bank where it is shelving and grass
From the lock for grasshoreers.

A person fishing for creppies win have the boat anchored or, better still, tied with a little rope to one of the branches and he can stay as long as he pleases. He may fish awhile and then desist and read or smoke or make a short incursion inland on the track of a frisking squirrel.

From the woods

grown to look for grasshoppers.

Around this body of water a men may find by looking the summer homes of many the game birds which fly southward ben the first snow comes out of the north he jacksnipe's nest may be discovered bill in tall grass, or the mallard's near to bake, but dry and apt to be in the centre some dead branch. Ducks of all kinds a foot away. of some dead branch. Ducks of all kinds breed there, but the goose nests farther

REASONING POWER OF A SETTER

where it is apt to get soggy. They will not return to camp to dinner because they haven't time.

All day long they will ply parallel with the shores of the lake and forty feet out the guide tugging mechanically at the oars and the fisherman humped in the stern with fifty or sixty feet of line out and his rod bending with the strain.

If one fish is killed, that means merely that they are biting and there is good chance to kill another. If two be taken that means that sport is fair and there is chance to make a score before the day is over. If three or four or five are shot through the head and tumbled into the boat, the ardor of the pursuit is increased.

Under no circumstances will the chase be discontinued until black dark has come down. The next morning sees a repetition.

On Lower Price Lake in Wisconsin one man has taken in one day thirteen muskallonge averaging fourteen pounds. That is 182 pounds of game fish to one slender rod and silk line. Night will come in spite of any fisherman or this man would have taken twenty before quitting.

The habits of the muskallonge are simple and its methods direct. It lurks in the roots of lily-pads which fringe the shore and cover the lake for forty feet from bank, or else is down near the bottom of the stalks of wild rice.

When trying to get food it lies absolutely still, poised among the shadowing vegetation, with only the tip of its nose projecting into the clear water beyond. So in ambush it waits only the passage of some pound bass, or half-pound cropple, or

still, poised among the shadowing vegetation, with only the tip of its nose projecting into the clear water beyond. So in ambush it waits only the passage of some pound bass, or half-pound croppie, or small muskallonge for that matter. It is cannibalistic and destruction of its young is by itself is believed to be cnoof the causes operating against its increase.

The muskallonge when leaping upon its prey comes with great rapidity and the fish which escapes must be exceedingly wiry and agile. The great slayer will cover twenty feet in a rush of this kind, almost with the speed of light.

Its jaws are so formidable, are opened so wide, come together with such force and are so garnished with rows of razorlike teeth that a fish three inches through is snipped in two as if between the blades of giant shears. Often the muskallonge will swallow a half-pounder whole.

It is a quarrelsome villain with a great opinion of its own prowess. It regards itself as cock of the walk and will suffer no other fish to remain near it. Even its own kind must seek other quarters. It does not congregate and no school of it is ever seen.

Like an old bass, it will strike at a lure

Like an old bass, it will strike at a lure as often from irritation as from hunger.
This has been demonstrated repeatedly by men passing back and forth near the lair of an old timer. r of an old timer. The fish may not notice the spoon for the

The fish may not notice the spoon for the first trip or two, but soon becomes angered by its glitter and the shadow of the boat and strikes it finally. Most often it will strike both upper and lower jaw firmly shut, hurling the metal twenty feet in air.

Muskallonge have been taken which were literally crammed with fishes of various sizes and kinds, showing that they were not hungry. They have been known, too, to

sizes and kinds, showing that they were not hungry. They have been known, too, to flash out from the edge of wild rice and gingerly nose a spoon. Finding nothing on it, they have retired for six feet and then hit it hard, evidencing their anger.

As this trick of nosing is a common thing most experienced muskallonge anglers advocate putting a large green frog upon the hook gang behind the spoon. Indeed some form of food, frog, minnow or even salt pork, is always better than nothing. It will serve partly to conceal the hooks, if it does not tempt the appetite.

The fish sometimes noses the lure because it is cunning and for the same reason it will often take the bait without encountering

it is cunning and for the same reason it will often take the bait without encountering the hooks. It has happened many times that with the spoon spinning and the boat travelling at four miles an hour a muskallonge has leaped ten feet, seized the frog just back of the neck and stripped it of skin and a portion of the flesh clear to the end of its hind legs. Muskallonge have been known to strike at tin cups dipped for a moment on the lake's surface and have struck copper-tipped oars may and have struck copper-tipped oars may

times.

The mouth is so armed with teeth and
The mouth is so armed with teeth and which the big fish make their way to them is a mystery, but they get there. There is in Price county, Wis., for instance, a lake called Round Lake.

The mouth is so arried with test with the teeth are so sharp that guides refuse generally to handle the fish at all until it is stone dead. It sems to be impossible to put the fingers anywhere near to the mouth of a live muskallonge without getting

In late July and August these teeth are In late July and August these teeth are shed as a deer loses its horns and do not grow out again until the latter part of September. During this interim fishing for muskallonge is a waste of time. It does not bite because it has noting to bite with, and it is sick and poor.

The manner of taking the muskallonge is distinctly unfair. It is most often trolled for, though some men prefer to be paddled slowly and to cast for it.

In any event, as soon as a strike is made.

slowly and to cast for it.

In any event, as soon as a strike is made and the hooks are sent in deep the guide bends to his cars and heads for the middle of the lake. He keeps on rowing until the fish is exhausted or breaks away.

It is a case of a 150-pound man with a rod and line, a 180-pound guide and a 200-pound host against a fifteen-round fish

rod and line, a 190-pound guide and a 200pound boat against a fifteen-pound fish.
Unfair as it is, anglers almost without
exception say that it would be impossible
to kill the muskallonge in any other fashion.
It is always close to lily pads or other
weeds when it strikes, and they believe
that no human force could keep it out of weeds if the boat were held stationary and a fair fight fought between reel and captive. Once within the weeds, of course, the fish would wind the line about and the fish would wind the line about and about some tough stalk, then break away.

This, however, seems to be largely theory. It is difficult to find a man who has ever been willing to give the muskallonge a chance for its life.

TRY CROPPIE FISHING.

It's a Nice Kind of Augiling if You're Lazy

and Like the Woods. On a warm May day, when there is breeze only in the tree-tops and the shadows of the forest lie along upon the water, a man For the most part the banks of these lakes are bluff, rising from forty to sixty feet above the water, and the pines, balsam pines, maples, hemlocks, firs and spruces along the rod to his fingers and wrist when a big game fish has struck the lure, but it is peaceful and makes one prone to reflection and all the manifold beauties of waterside nature are unfolded to the gaze.

Some little nook or sheltered bay of the lake should be selected, a place where outside noises do not come and the water is deep and a broken oak or maple lies half in, half out of the water. For some reason croppies love these places where decaying wood gives a scent to the element in which they live. Maybe it is for the reason that there small insects and larvæ

A person fishing for cropples will have

If he is very quiet he may see a hen part ridge come down to drink, then in soher matronly fashion walk back to her nest in the woods, or a male may flirt along the bank in dandy pose, pausing now and then to extend hiswings, raise his neck feathers and admire himself in the glassy water

ored there, but the goose nests farther Out in the Northwest a porcupine is pretty (certain to put in appearance I efore a great have the man tired of trolling may drift with while or a fox even may pass by steakhily the

his guide in the boat under the shadow of the trees and see many strange and curious things. Generally, however, men who go to these lakes in spring, summer or early fall are men from the cities.

They have riven ten days of vacation from the year of driving toil; they are temporarily but absolutely divorced from telegrams and letters; and they think that they must fish while there is light. They rise before day and snatch a hasty uncomfortable breakfast by the shine of the campfire. They are only in good time if the bars of gray are showing in the east as their feet sound hollow on the bottom planking of the boat.

Their rods are jointed and the spoon is whirling in the water behind the craft before they can see sixty feet away. They have a rough cold luncheon done up in a bit of newspaper and lying on the bottom, where it is apt to get soggy. They will not return to camp to dinner because they haven't time.

All day long they will ply parallel with gation.

Unless a croppy school be struck the fishing will be poor, only an occasional curious straggler investigating the hook to its cost, but if there be a school there is almost no limit to the number that may be taken. The lake croppies, whether in New York State or in Michigan, like their water deep and cold, and they are deliciously cool to the fingers when taken from the barb. There are two kinds of them, the dark kind with the blue gills and the others, and the dark fellows always seem to be the cooler.

Then somewhere around the submerged

Then somewhere around the submerged Then somewhere around the submerged trunk are the slender perches with red belly fins, so much like a bass in shape and mouth that there is really no reason for calling them perches, except that they have black bands on their sides. The wise angler knows when he takes one of these up that the rear ventral fin, double

these up that the rear ventral fin, double, spreading out something like a bird's wings and bright crimson in hue, will, if cut off with a strip of the white skin attached, make a rare bait for bass.

It should be used in casting attached to a weedless hook just behind a No. 3 spoon. This lure will woo from retirement among the illy-pads even the sleepiest bass on the warmest day.

No main with the fraction of the soul of a poet in him will fish for croppies without a float. It is faster, and possibly, surer, to use the bare line, but it is too much like work, too utilitarian.

to use the bare line, but it is too much like work, too utilitarian.

With the red and green cork upon the surface the fisherman may rest his rod against the edge of the boat and let the upper part of the line sag. He will have then not only the pleasure of the knowledge that there is a fish at the hook, but the added delight of watching the antic behavior of the cork, which seems alive. It will wobble rapidly in a succession of joyous little bounds, making small circles fewill wobble rapidly in a succession of joyous little bounds, making small circles in the water, dart a foot to one side, rise up as if it were going to fly from the lake like a duck, then go down deep, deep, until the red of it is merely a glimmer through the clear fluid. That is the time to jerk and pull and at the end of the line when it leaves the water will be a fat, shaking, florpring cropping enough to make an abflopping croppie, enough to make an an-chorite forsake his cell.

chorite forsake his cell.

Sometimes with cropples worms are good, or fat white grubs dug from logs with a pocket knife, while a red-headed woodpacker hammers not far away, or helgramites, or a bit of salt pork, or fish meat. Then again they are obsessed of the devil and nothing is good.

and nothing is good.

That is the time to take out a small volume of Marcus Aurelius, while the lake moves the loat ever so gently. A page and a half of the not le Roman is warranted JACKSNIPE IN CHICAGO.

Chicago is not only a great ofty in population, wealth, hogs, beeves and culture, but probably it is the only metropolis in the world which furnishes excellent spring jacksnipe shooting

Unexpected Sport on the Links of a Swell

Along its busy lake front people have been shooting mallards and teal for years. but not many of its citizens know that within its limits is as fine a bit of snipe ground as any man, professional or amateur, would wish to see. The Illinois law permits snipe shooting until April 26 and up to that day of this year guns were cracking merrily in Riverside, a southern part of the city which has a swell golf club as well as good wing sport.

The snipe began coming in about April 10 and members forsook their caddies and and members forsook their caddles and caddly bags. A lot of the populace showed up and as the shooting was outside of the club grounds the club members could say nothing. Trains which run every five minutes in the rush hours took gunners down and guns, and the war was worth technical.

looking at.

That part of the city contains a good deal of lowland which in a wet season is a promising marsh and there is plenty of grass and weeds for cover. There is a long shallow pond also and birds were plentiful, near its edges.

There is a law against discharging firearms within the city limits, unless a poleomer is called on to shoot somebody in

arms within the city limits, unless a policeman is called on to shoot somebody in the leg while trying to destroy a mad dog, but nobody paid any attention to the law and the patrolinen said nothing. Some wounded birds were lost by flying a halfmile and dropping upon a business street, where they were picked up by the hurrying throngs, but in the main the snipe were retrieved without trouble.

throngs, but in the main the snipe were re-trieved without trouble.

The shooting lasted for more than two weeks and got better as it got older. There were many birds left when the law closed down. down.

To give an idea of the character of the for give an idea of the character of the sport it may be said that scores of from fifteen to thirty snipe were often made in a day and one man bagged three dozen. This means that under the most favorable circumstances at least fifty shells were expended, which is a good enough day for actived.

anybody.

The birds reached Riverside from the South in fine condition and were made fatter by the rich pickings they found there. MUDHENS BACK IN JERSEY.

Mystery of the Flight of These Birds From the South. SEA ISLE CITY, N. J., May 10 .- The spring

flight of the mud hens has ended. On Monday the craftiest sportsman in south Jersey could have tramped the meadowlands of Cape May and Atlantic counties all day in search of a mud hen without finding one. On Tuesday the marshes were alive with them. During the night thousands came into the

Jersey marshes from Virginia and Delaware. On Tuesday night more birds ar-The migratory flight of the mud hens

usually ends with the second night. They have never been know a to migrate in day-

In the fall their going away is as mysterious as is their arrival in the spring. One may go out on the meadows in the early October days and find dozens of marsh hens, but a visit to the same locality twentyfour hours later will show that the sedge grass does not shelter a bird. They have silently flown toward the South during

It is only when migrating that the mudhens travel in flocks. Few men have ever witnessed these great flights. A native gunner who was out on the marshes in search of plover several years ago saw a company of mudhens come flying in from the open soa just at break of day. The flock was fully half a mile long and an eighth of a mile in width and must have numbered more than 10,00 birds.

The mud hen is a bird of short, rapid

flight and the sportsmen who spend the early september days in the marshes huntearly scheme days in the birds manage to reach the Jersey meadows in the spring and get to their winter homes hundreds of miles away in the fall. In this region the bird is known as a poor flyer, and when once started on the wing, it seldem covers more than half a mile, when it drops into the

tangled sedge grass.

This fact has caused much conjecture among the gunners as to how the birds manage to cross Delaware Bay at its widest part, which is twenty-eight miles across. The birds are far from being good swim-

In a few days the mud hens will begin nest building and unless misfortune in the shape of high tides overtakes them, the birds will begin the work of incubation by May 20. For five years past, high tides have visited the south Jersey marshes in us will begin the work of incubation by 20. For five years past, high tides have asserted. On a wet day, or if the earth has been recently dampened by rain, a bevy late May or early June days and de-

stroyed hundreds of nests and thousands

of eggs.
Last year, early in June, when thousands
of young chicks were ready to break
through their shells, a northeast storm tide through their shells, a northeast storm tide swept over the marshes and destroyed them all. The birds built new nests, but did not bring forth their young until the middle of July, and when the shooting season opened on Aug. 25, many of the young birds were unable to fly.

The old birds were killed and thousands of chicks, unable to whit for themselves.

of chicks, unable to shift for themselves, perished. Great numbers of young birds were hunted and killed with long poles by pot hunters and sent to the city markets, where the feathers and heads were re-moved, and they were sold as squabs.

GRAY SQUIRRELS A PEST. So Southern Corn Raisers Shoot Then

and Afterward Eat Them. In eastern Texas, southern Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi, where a great deal of Indian corn is grown, the farmers are now making preparations to protect their crop from the hordes of gray squirrels

that infest the woods and like nothing

better than roasting ears. The young of the squirrels are more than half grown, out of the nest and as busy as their elders. One of them can not eat more than a ear of corn in a day and if they confined themselves to a single ear apiece probably the indolent Southerners would

It is the habit of the squirrel, however to scamper from ear to ear, as a bee goes from flower to flower. From each the squirrels eat the tenderest top part, that being most easily reached through the folds of the shuck, and in this way they ruin a great deal of corn, the injured ear failing to mature properly The equirrel gets little beside milk out of these kernels, but likes that and gets deliciously fat on it.

The ingenuity of the Southerner has never devised any way of checking this pest except with the shotgun. It would not do to poison the ears, as later on the poisoned ones could not be told from others, and there is no form of bait which could be laid out to attract the pests since they do not want anything, but young corn.

So the farmer and his boys have to con tent themselves with wandering stealthily through the fields, going across the rows and looking down them as carefully as they can. The corn is as high as their heads, but that does not matter. In fact, it affords a better concealment. Wherever they see a stalk shaking vio-

lently there they know that a squirrel is at work. They walk slowly, taking their time since they know that the squirrel will take When close enough they see a small gray

body coiled around an ear, the long tail hanging down and the sharp teeth busy at work. They knock him off at thirty yards with No. 8 shot and take time to swear at him lazily. Immediately after the report there is mighty scampering among the rows made by alarmed squirrels hurrying to the woods.

which always grow close down to the field. Indeed, the little animals rarely venture more than fifty yards into the field and in this way their ravages are circumscribed.

They will rush to the fence, go over it like a flash and hide themselves among the hyperbest chattering volutive. Meantime a flash and hide themselves among the branches, chattering volubly. Meantime the farmer or one of his boys is reloading the muzzle-loader. He knows that the squirrels will be back in fifteen minutes, coming out by ones or twos, and he will stay shooting until the sun is within an hour of setting.

At that time the squirrels all leave the fields, to return after the sun is well up the next day. Protection of some sort is gained in this way, not so much from the number of squirrels slain, though they

gained in this way, not so much from the number of squirrels slain, though they are killed in hundreds, as from the fact that the noise of the gun acts as a scare-crow and keeps them disturbed.

Any fifteen-year-old boy in a Southern cornfield at this season is able to kill a couple of dozen of squirrels in a day, and as they are all young they are delicious food. There is nothing better than young fried squirrel unless it be young squirrel brolled on the open coals.

GOOD REASONING BY A SETTER. Top Gets a Quali Lost Behind Two High

Fences and a Train of Cars. The manner in which his liver-and-white setter Top acquitted himself just before the close of the shooting season fills Ben Saunders of Frostville, Ark., with the pride

of memory. Top is 5 years old, experienced, sagactous and opinionated. On a warm day in latter February he was at work on a bevy of quail which had been flushed in a wide old field with a great deal of broomsedge in it. He came down on a single bird within three feet of his nose.

Saunders kicked it out and found when he got the gun to his shoulder that he had forgotten to cook it. He jerked it down, threw the slide forward, got it up again and pulled wildly.

The quallwas then fifty sards straightaway and going like the wind. It was above a ten-railed fence. On the farther side of the fence was a railway track and a long train of freight cars standing on it. Beyond them was another ten-railed fence. and a field.

The quail was wing-tipped by a single pellet and started downward, barely missing the top of a box car. Saunders, with little hope in his heart, sald: "Seek dead!" and waited.

It is not an easy matter for setters or pointers to climb a high fence, though they learn how after a month or two in the field. Top, who had marked the course of the bird, sharply tackled his fence without pause, using all four legs as if it were a ladder. He wormed himself over the rider, fell into the ditch beyond, climbed out of that, went between two of the cars and got over the far fence.

Saunders noted his eagerness, mounted one of the cars and sat himself down for a smoke. The dog plunged into the further field and hunted eagerly.

He had no means of knowing how far out in it the quail had struck, but he knew that the bird was only wing-hurt and that every bird so injured does not stay still when it hits the ground, but proceeds immediately to make tracks. He wasted no time but went fifty yards out into the field and turned sharp to the left. He went a hundred yards in that direction without picking up the scent, returned exactly to his starting point and quested swiftly to the right. Within twenty feet he

swiftly to the right. Within twenty feet he struck the trail and followed as fast as the struck the trail and followed as fast as the scent would permit.

That too, was a broom-sedge field, and broom-sedge when dry is one of the meanest things for scent which grow. Yard by yard Top worked it out, getting faster as the scent got better. I tilly two hundred yards further on he lowered his head, sprang forward, then threw his mouth in air with a ouali in his laws.

He came back at top speed, rushed his first fence and went on through the cars not seeing his master. He went back to the place where the empty shell lay and finding nobody to praise him squatted down dejected, still holding the bird. Saunders climbed down stiffly, went to Saunders elimbed down stiffly, went to him and told him that he was great. The quail had been tenderly mouthed just as every well educated dog mouths a re-trieved bird, being held with just sufficient.

quali in his jaws.

orce to prevent its escape.

Top's seeking and finding of this bird went to disprove, as many similar instances have disproved it, the idea that the quail has any capacity to withhold its scent, a faculty whose existence many hunters

dog can follow without trouble and will this though closely pursued.

In dry weather, with dusty herbage and

a sandy soil, the scent will hold for only a little while and for this reason comparatively few birds will be found. The withholding-scent theory was invented by some fellow who had a poor dog that he loved and has been adopted eagerly by other fellows with poor dogs that they love.

WHERE GRAYLING SWARM.

An Abundance of Them, and Real Brook Trout in Alaskan Waters.

"Alaska is certainly the paradise of game fish," said Hugh McMurray of Juneau, "and that gamest and most beautiful of them all, the grayling, which American sportsmen have long believed exists only in the waters of the upper Michigan wilds, and which has come to be deplorably scarce even there, is as abundant in the Alaskan streams, almost, as the common brook sucker is in your streams at its most abun-

"This is particularly true of all the streams of the Yukon basin. And in the smaller streams of that basin the brook troutthe genuine crimson-spotted beauty, the angler's true pride, which the books and book fishermen tell you is not found except in waters east of the Rocky Mountainsis more than abundant.

"The trouble is that these trout, like the grayling, are too numerous to make real scientific angling for them the rare pleasure it is in waters where they are scarcer and shyer, for they will bite at anything you offer them. If the day ever comes when they are thinned out, and trout and grayling become comparatively

trout and grayling become comparatively scarce, there will be better fishing in those Alaskan waters than can be found anywhere on the continent.

"To give an idea of what I mean when I say these fish are too numerous for good genuine sport with rod and line in Alaska. I will tell you what I saw once in one of the Yukon streams, one of the larger class. I had killed a moose, and skinned and dressed it at the river's edge where it fell. It was so close to the water, in fact, that portions of the carcass fell into it. Instantly there was a turmoil there. Fish rushed in amazing numbers to the spot rushed in amazing numbers to the spot to seize the refuse. "I was surprised to discover that the

fish were grayling. Every time I threw a bit of the moose into the stream the water would fairly boil with the rush of fish,

a bit of the moose into the stream the water would fairly boil with the rush of fish, battling for its possession.

"Many of the fish would leap clear of the water, their brilliant markings and the bright iridescent hues of their broad dorsal fins mingling with the tossing foam in a kaleidoscopic picture, as beautiful as it was fleeting.

"I first thought that this particular spot must be a pool in which the fish had drawn together from different parts of the stream, after the manner of trout, the time of the year being late August, and the pool being at the mouth of a small spring run, but I soon discovered that the possibility of so rare a piscatorial exhibition as that was not confined to that pool.

"I threw a piece of the moose's liver up stream. It fell into the water a hundred feet or more distant from this pool. Instantly at that spot the same wild scramble for the morsel followed, and the surface of the stream was lashed into foam by the rush of grayling.

"My course lay up the river. I followed it a mile or more, tossing at intervals pieces of moose heart or liver into the water, and at no spot did the falling there of the morsels fail to bring as great and flerce a dash of hungry grayling as the first one

and at no spot did the falling there of the morsels fail to bring as great and fierce a dash of hungry grayling as the first one had brought in the pool far below.

"The hundreds and hundreds of gray-"
"The hundreds and hundreds of gray-" ling that I saw were, of course, but a small portion of the myriads that joined in these eager rushes, and among them I saw but few small ones."

TENDERFOOT IN KANSAS. Rebuffs Met by a New Yorker Who Wanted

to Be Agreeable. "It is not always necessary to throw bouquets when you are out dining," said a New York travelling man. "When I was in a Kansas town not long ago I was invited to the home of a customer to take dinner A travelling man never permits himself to misunderstand an invitation to eat a home

"My customer's wife was one of those matter-of-fact, common-sense women to whom a primrose is a primrose, whether i grows by the river's brim or in the barnyard. Soon after I was seated at her daintily spread table I began fumbling around for something of a gracious brand to launch which would show my appreciation of her hospitality.

"I opened on butter. It was worth travelling miles to taste such butter as that on her table! I said a few nice things about New York, of course, we all do that, but I admitted that there was no such butter

in New York as I found on her table. "She couldn't understand that, for the butter I was tasting was from a fickin sent her by express by her aunt in Herkimer county. Just then I happened to think of a story and the butter incident was

relegated.
"We had got down to peas and I allowed that there were no peas like the homegrown kind. It added to the lusciousness of the pea to watch it grow and cull it from the vine.

"She thought otherwise. Her peas had been a failure ever since the grasshoppers did her gardening last year, and Georgethat was ner husband's name-had bought canned peas ever since. I had been throw-

oanned peas ing tulips at canned peas!

I think I said something about the weather, just then. That's what a man coughs up when he goes against the rocks. You would think after a throw-down or two such as I have mentioned that I would have confined myself to the monosyllabic. And I would had not the little woman spoken

of the wild goose she served.

"'At least,' she said in a splendid way,
we can offer you in this something you
don't often have in New York.' "Of course. Allowing much in New York's favor I must say that the goose we get in the metropolis is a pretty tame bird. I admitted this. And then I cut loose on the delicious meat of the fowl that honks. "I could conceive of no sport like that of "I could conceive of no sport like that of hunting the wild goose. Then I quoted something from 'Hiawatha' about the wawa—Longfellow for wild goose you know.

"I said her husband must be a mighty hunter. Of course it is only in the great open country that the wawa can be hunted. I said. I got a second round of wawa, and felt quite satisfied at last that I had hit the right trail. Then the little woman, looking at me with her gray eyes, said:

"I think we are indebted to Mr. Edison or some one of his school for the dish we are enjoying. Recently, quite recently, our modest little city has been lighting the streets with electricity.

"In the night when the sky is overcast these lights seem to attract the great flocks of wild geese which pass this way, and when

of wild geese which pass this way, and when they get into a radius of the lamps they become confused, and even the boys kill

"The wild goose we have this evening quite modern. It was indirectly killed y electric light.' by electric light."
"Well, it was to laugh. There was nothing else to do. I didn't feel like it, but I laughed. And so I lifted my gobiet and proposed the health of my hostess in the pure, sparkling liquid which only Kansas could produce the second control of the country of t

m with clubs.

duce. From Blank Springs in the State of New York, said my hostess.
"Then I laid down; the time left on my hands at that house was devoted to a discussion of infant baptism, Cuban reciprocity the Philippines, the Beef Trust and Carri

Getting Together the Setler

and the buyer is easy for THE SUN, whose influence upon readers is the natural result of years of Intelligent and forceful journalism.—Adv.

HE reason for the constant advance in the shares of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company is the same reason that was given in the first presentments made by the company to the public, and steadily renewed in every subsequent announcement.

This Company is essentially an organization of the people for the absolute control of a great industry. This control results from the inherent mechanical and commercial value of the automatic machines for basket making, invented and patented by Emmett Horton and Ottmar Mergenthaler, which patents are all absolutely owned and controlled by the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company.

When so many propositions of the same reason that was given in the same reason to the same reason.

When so many propositions of questionable strength are being submitted the public, it is but natural that it should be difficult for every one to under-and the full meaning of the great proposition represented by the shares of

DIRECT TO THE PEOPLE.

As a general thing, in these days of combinations, industries are controlled by the purchase of conflicting elements, and it is the history of every industrial organization that many of the necessary purchases for the purpose of combination have been made at prices which have rendered the future prosperity of such a combination a matter of great uncertainty. The stock in such combinations is offered to the public by the "Underwriting Syndicate" or the banking house, which by this means secures absolute control of the entire organization.

None of these things has entered into the proposition of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company. All offers of syndicates and bankers have been refused for the financing of this organization. The first shares of the Company were offered to the public at a low price: as fast as tests have been taken in the formation of the Company's commercial fabric, the price of shares has been advanced. There are no preference claims in the organization of this Company, no preferred shares, no bonds, no debts. Every share is a voting share, and the offering is made direct from the Company to the public. For the benefit of stockholders and intending subscribers, the officers of a Company wish to make the definite statement that notwithstanding the eral advertising which has been done to present the substantial features of proposition, the actual cost of this method does not exceed 5½ cents per

In no other way could the Company's capital be secured at such small cost The earliest subscribers receive the greatest advantage, but the far-reaching scope of the proposition makes the shares of this Company an excellent investment at double their par value. Present selling price,

70 Cents a Share

(Par Value \$1.00, Full Paid and Non-Assessable.)

This price will be advanced to 75 cents a share on or before Saturday, May 17th, and to par within 90 days.

THE WORK OF THE MACHINE.

The mechanical completeness of the basket-making machines of this Company has not only been demonstrated in several years of active work in the largest basket factory in the world, at Painesville, Ohio, but also in the exhibition, during the past fortnight, to thousands of people every day, at the executive offices of the Company, 287 Broadway, New York.

So much enthusiasm has been created among all who have witnessed the complete and automatic work of the machine on exhibition in New York that the Company has arranged to set up an exhibition basket factory in Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, and the invitation is extended broadcast to all interested persons to go to any of these exhibitions and see the actual work of the machine.

It must not be lost sight of by those who cannot go to see the machine that e opportunity for investment in these shares is one that merits the fullest vestigation, and all such persons are urged to have some friend or representate go to see the machine work, and report to them promptly.

The universal verdict of all who see the complete baskets turned out by the machine is that the Company's statements concerning the machine are more than substantiated in every particular. Shareholders of this Company, and all who contemplate making investment, should realize that all the baskets now made for the immense fruit crop of the country are turned out by hand work, and that there are over 9,000 small factories, employing from three to three hundred people each, all over this country making baskets under conditions which have kept the basket-making industry a full half century behind other industries.

Within a few months at least two other large factories will be in operation east of the Mississippi River, and within a year the entire equipment for the manufacture of baskets needed for every ounce of fruit in this country will be in running order.

When one-half of the basket business of the country is turned out by these factories, the Company's profits will pay a dividend of at least 10% on the entire factories, the Company's profits will pay a dividend of at least 10% on the entire capitalization.

The statements made to the public regarding the future of this business, the work of the machines and the legitimate expectations of shareholders are given with absolute frankness.

There are many thousands of people who desire to become members of this great organization if they can be assured of the accuracy of these statements. Let every such person proceed at once to make the fullest investigation.

Checks for subscriptions should be drawn to the order of Charles R. Barlow, Treasurer.

The directors reserve the right to reject any subscription. The price advances May 17th or earlier to 75 cents a share.

The MERGENTHALER-HORTON BASKET MACHINE CO.

Executive Offices, 287 BROADWAY, New York

TRANS-CANADA RAILROAD.

Advantages of the New Line the Dominion Parliament Has Authorized. QUEBEC, May 10 .- Parliament has just authorized the construction of a new trans-

continental line of railway, with Chicoutimi, a Saguenay River seaport, and the harbor of Quebec, as its eastern, and Port Simpson on the Pacific coast for the western, terminal points. Imperial interests are believed to be behind the project, and British capital is likely to enter largely

into its construction. One of the chief grounds upon which its promoters are appealing to the people both England and Canada is the proposed route is situated so far inland that it is perfectly safe from the assaults of a hostile force. It is pointed out in the prospectus that in the event of hos-tilities between Canada and her American neighbor the Canadian Pacific Railway line, which is so often located within a very short distance of the boundary, might be broken in twenty places in a week, and during the continuance of such trouble during the continuance of such trouble could never be restored. The route of the Trans-Canada, as the new road is to be called, has therefore been placed from 300 to 600 mies from the frontier, whi h, with the protection of fleets at Quebec, the Saguenay, Nottaway, on James's Bay, and at Port Simpson, is expected to make it impregnable. It has long been felt that the salety of an imperial short line across the North American continent, from Europe to the East, should not be altogether dependent upon the friendship of the United States, as the present Canadian Pacific line is, and hence the imperial interest taken in the Trans-Canada project. called, has therefore been placed rom

From the eastern terminals of the new road at Chicoutimi and Quebec, the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Rail-way will be utilized as far as Lake St. John, egotiations being afoot for acquiring to From Lake St. John the proposal is contacted the ine in a northwesterly direction to the mouth of the Nottaway River on James's Bay, passing through the best on James's Bay, passing through the best of the still available timber limits of the Province of Quebec. The line runs from the southerly point of James's Eay to the north of Lake Winnipeg and the remain-ier of the route to the Pacific coast follows

province of Quebec. The line runs from the southerly point of James's Eay to the north of Lake Winnipeg and the remainder of the route to the Pacific coast follows pretty much the course of the flity-fifth degree of north latitude.

There is no doubt that this is a very favorable route for the new tailway. It not only traverses the most promising wheat lands of the far Northwest, but is the shortest as well as the safest possible highway for the conveyance of both troops and breadstuffs. The distance from the western terminus of the proposed railway, Port Simpson, on the Pacific coast, to Quebec, is 2,830 miles, against 3,678 by Canadian Pacific Railroad from Quebec to Vancouver. The distance from Chiccoutimi to Port Simpson will be 370 miles shorter than the present line from Quebec to Vancouver, that from Chiccoutimi to Winnipeg will be 280 miles shorter than the present line from Quebec to Vancouver, that from Chiccoutimi to Winnipeg will be 280 miles shorter than from Quebec to Winnipeg by the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

MISTAKE IN WOOING BY MAIL. When the Prospective Bridegroom Ap-

peared the Girl Didn't Know Him. INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 9 .- Frank Arnold, a prosperous young ranchman of New Mexico, arrived at Wabash a few days ago and called at the home of Miss Virgin a Smith, a young stenographer employed at one of the factories. When she entered he approached her familiarly, extending his hand and expressing pleasure at the meeting. The young woman drew back surprised, and withheld her hand. Arnold was confused, but managed to say something about having notified her of his coming, but Wiss Smith, face averaged but Miss Smith's face expressed only a blank

surprise.

After much hesitation Arnold explained After much hesitation Arnold explained that he was the man with whom Miss Smith had been corresponding for the last five or six months and with whom she had exchanged photographs, and that, finally, with her consent, he had come all the way from his New Mexico home to marry her. During the recital Miss Smith's face changed from red to white and from white to red. When the ranchman finished she told him that she not only had never written to him nor exchanged photographs, but it was the first time she had ever heard his name. He produced the photograph he had received which he had brought with him, and Miss Smith admitted that it was hers and had been taken nearly two wears ago. He then produced one of her letters, but she denied that the handwriting years ago. He then produced one of her letters, but she denied that the handwriting was hers or even a good imitation of hers. She was so positive in her denals, and apparently so honest, that Arnold was forced to confess that he had been made the victim of a heax.

The case was laid before the manufacturer by whom the young women is

facturer by whom the young woman is employed. Arnold told him that he had answered a matrimonial advertisement for fun, but had become interested as the correspondence progressed and doubly so when Miss Smith's photograph reached

e line
RailJohn,
The Postmaster was questioned. He
that he had noticed letters passing The Postmaster was opertioned. He said that he had noticed letters passing through the office to Mr. Arnold but he did not know who mailed them. He also said that all mail for Miss Smith had been placed in the factory box as she had ordered, but he had never examined her letters and he knew nothing about her correspondence.